London, 1990

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/976047.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	rentboy fic, Prostitution, sex tourism, Bottom!Will, Bottom!Hannibal, Ice Play, Orgasm Delay/Denial, collars and collaring, five lifetimes verse
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Five Lifetimes Verse (Hannibal NBC)
Stats:	Published: 2013-09-22 Words: 17,671 Chapters: 1/1

London, 1990

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Summary

“If you were to tie me, I’d prefer silk.” He says finally, setting the offer in case Hannibal wishes to take it up, “If you were to hurt me, I’d prefer you leave no permanent marks.” He lets his eyes settle on Hannibal’s, wants to push to see if he can get that dark desire evident in Hannibal’s tone and carefully controlled expressions to flood and take over, but he will do the man the honor of not being vulgar.

Sex tourism has become popular now, and Will is the best at what he does in his city.

There is never just one lifetime, not for people who are meant to meet. In Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter's case, they shared five. Four which they could not share fully, and one which they did. This is their second.

Notes

This is the second in a 5-part AU series depicting the lifetimes Hannibal and Will had shared but never fully lived through, and one that they're still working on (canon). We will post every Sunday for the next six weeks.

This has been an ongoing project for a few months and we are very proud of it. Some of the lifetimes connect more than others, there are mentions and clues connecting to previous 'lives' or past ones and they do flow into one another, as slowly but surely they get closer and closer to this lifetime they share now.

They will be rated per story, some ranging to explicit for violence, while others for sex. We're just gonna assume that language isn't a factor ;)

Comments and critique is always welcome!

It’s late and it’s raining, and the only reason Will is shaking off his umbrella in the lobby of the Hilton and not at home enjoying a bath or a good book is because the call had been so intriguing. It had come through perhaps two hours before, and the voice had been foreign, slightly accented but impossible to place. He had named a time, a place, and the offer, and Will had bitten his lip in thought, eyes narrowing as he regarded the weather, before he’d agreed.

He made his policy perfectly clear on the website. He can leave if the man doesn’t give Will what he wants. And he has such a thing for accents.

He bundles the umbrella tightly and hangs it over one arm before moving to the elevators and pulling out the note he’s written himself with the details. Eighteenth floor, nine o’clock. The man had asked for the full night and then some, and Will had laughed, very quietly, and told him he’d see. Few people can afford the fee Will asks for his time, but the ones that can find themselves in the company of the most responsive, clever and beautiful people in London.

It sounds like a brag, but Will’s little hobby has come to completely fund his lifestyle in the space of two years advertising. He quit his job three months before and has never felt freer. He waits for the elevator doors to slide open on a sigh of perfect engineering before stepping in and selecting his floor, flexing his fingers in the thin leather gloves.

He’s in the check suit today, a wool mix that allows him to forgo a coat in London autumn weather, and black shoes to match. He fits into the Hilton like he’s a resident there, and for all anyone knows that’s exactly what he is. Since starting this enterprise – for boredom, he’ll admit, more than actual desire – Will has never slipped, never taken less than the best and offered only the best in turn. He’s demanding, wilful and has a sharp tongue, for many men the idea of taming him is enough to pay up what Will asks; they get their satisfaction and Will gets his prize. It’s a beautifully functional relationship with men coming and going from all over the world to London and back. He never has to see them again, they never have to pay him again.

Another rule of Will’s is that he never sees a client twice.

The doors slide open and he steps through, frowning a little and adjusting the cuff of his jacket around the curved wooden handle of the umbrella before proceeding to the room number on his note. He knocks twice and waits, head bowed just enough to watch the handle for the tell-tale sign of it turning, lips parted to breathe quietly.

Within the room, his client hears the knock. He's come because of reputation, because he's come on a trip to scour the boredom from his life and he's tried any number of other high class options throughout the world. It's not as easy these days for a man of his tastes to satisfy his appetite. Especially not in a discrete manner.

His tour of the world was a modern idea for an ancient need, and Hannibal has no qualms about paying handsomely to assure as smooth a ride as possible. The evening outside, however, dreary and without a star in sight, has foiled at least one of his plans. The suite he'd

booked has a truly excellent balcony, and a view across the whole city. It hardly matters with rain coming down in sheets.

He doesn't check through the peep hole. It's 9pm sharp and the boy he's hired has an excellent reputation amongst what men of his persuasion he dares associate with. He doesn't worry - he's agreed to pay very well not to have to do so. He swings the door open with a smile, but stands in the doorway to be certain that what has been delivered is exactly as promised.

"I hope the rain did not inconvenience you too much," he says, and he takes in the excellent suit with approval, the body beneath with speculation. Websites can, after all, be misleading. But what meets his eyes also meets his approval, and he steps back with a smile. "I'm Hannibal."

Hannibal is dressed well himself, though his suit is not in a typically English or American style, it is still well cut and speaks of no pauper's origins. The man is affluent, if understandably close-lipped about what he actually does. He admits Will with a gracious sweep of his hand, taking command of the conversation.

"A mutual acquaintance assures me that you're fond of fine wines," He says, moving deeper into the suite and trusting William to close the door behind them when he is satisfied enough to enter. "However, I've known him previously to be not overly attentive, so there is champagne if you prefer."

Will smiles, turning just enough to make sure the door clicks closed before setting his umbrella in the stand and removing his gloves. He is fond of wine, and he doesn't do the man the dishonour of asking who assured Hannibal of Will's preferences; too many men to name have tried to win William over with decadence and rather a few have succeeded.

"I prefer red to white," he answers instead, walking further into the suite and letting his eyes trail over the interior. He isn't disappointed so much as bored. He's seen the space before, though not for a few months now. But it's beautiful and surprisingly welcoming for a place of such high prestige and so little personal touch. The white noise of the rain is almost impossible to hear through the double glaze on the windows and the subtle soundproofing.

"Do you live up to your name, I wonder," he murmurs, loud enough for Hannibal to hear him but not in a tone that suggests mockery, more genuine gentle curiosity. It wouldn't be the first time Will has been given a false name by which to call his client for the night, but he somehow doubts this one is an alias. Or, perhaps, if it is one, the it's one the man has used for years, long enough for it to sound comfortable on his lips as William's own name does on his own.

"Or were your parents interested in finding a name for their son they were certain wouldn't be shared by a myriad of others?" he doesn't offer his own name, Hannibal will know it from the site, from their 'mutual acquaintances'. If it gets far enough into the evening, he may allow Hannibal to call him 'Will'. If he offers enough of what Will wants, he may allow him to call him anything he wants. It's rare, but it has happened on occasion.

"I suppose if it should come to it, I could get elephants over the alps," Hannibal answers, in smooth deference to the observation. It wasn't the first time he'd heard how unusual his name

was - William at least had some tact about it. He has moved deeper into the space - there is the smell of cooking food. Unusual that a client should cook for William, but it seems that Hannibal is confident enough in his skills to take command of this too, as much as he commands the space.

"Unless that was an inelegant metaphor for something crude," he continues, as he moves into the space divided in the suite for cooking. It's laid out for a long term stay, though the kitchen itself has limited accommodations, it seems to suit Hannibal's needs well enough. "In which case you'll discover the answer through practical application or not at all."

There is a dark promise in his tone, but he doesn't look up from his work. His cooking is not fussy, but precise. He does not overcheck the food or overattend it - he simply seems aware of it as if he were perfectly attuned to the kitchen.

Will tilts his head and for just a moment his smile is genuine.

“You will find, perhaps, that I abhor anything crude,” he says quietly, watching Hannibal work for a moment before turning his glance elsewhere. As refreshing as it is to have someone cook for him, it’s also surprisingly nice to have someone joke with him, or act as though Will is under their service before he’s agreed to stay. A lot of men treat him like he’s fragile or rude enough to insult. It’s uncommon for those in the latter category to get further with Will than the first slur, beautiful and appropriate as their gifts may be.

There is white wine and champagne chilled, and red sitting out and appropriate temperate on a well-appointed side table, and caviar - as if Hannibal was properly expecting company. Tucked in on the tray is an offering - a small box plainly wrapped in brown paper, with a sisal bow on top - not overly frilly. Practically and graciously offered and appropriately masculine.

"My father was a founding member of the Roman Historical Society," Hannibal explains in earnest. "I suppose it went to his head."

Will lets his eyes run over the offerings before he reaches out to take the box in his hand. It’s clearly for him so he doesn’t ask permission to, instead he takes the time to remove the bow, carefully unwrap the gift without ripping the paper unnecessarily, and open the box inside. Will has had expensive gifts before. In fact, he doesn’t accept anything inexpensive, setting his bar differently for every client but always high enough to make sure they really work for his attention, funds depending. But this is a treasure.

Within the paper wrapping is a plain box, containing a Patek Phillippe, square faced and classically masculine, with a gold face and a handsome brown alligator band. It is set to the current time, with a dial that sits handsomely beneath the arms indicating the hour and minute to suggest how much stored energy the watch has remaining - it seems it can be wound for ten days of reserve time. A tourbillon - a complicated wristwatch mechanism.

He sets the box back on the table still open and carefully folds the paper it was wrapped in to lie in a flat square before setting it back too. Hannibal has certainly earned his attention and time, now, but it’s his services he’s about to negotiate. With his dinner and manner and perhaps another offer. Will doesn’t thank him for the gift, he doesn’t even mention it, but he

does pour them both a glass of wine before moving to the kitchen to set Hannibal's on the cold marble in front of him.

Hannibal turns only slightly as the other enters - though it seems he was aware that William had found his gift. He makes no mention of it, wisely deciding not to lord the present over him or fuss about it. It is an offering, made, seen, and being deliberated on. The same as the rest of this negotiation. He glances at the wine, but lets it air a moment before he takes it up, waiting for a natural pause in his rhythm.

"Where are you from, Hannibal?" Will asks lightly, leaning against the counter enough to take some weight off his feet, not enough to appear to need the surface for balance or positioning. He adds just enough of the dark tone to match Hannibal's from earlier, but no more. He only meets the man's eyes when he begins to answer, but after that he holds the gaze, an earned prize of Will's attention.

"I've made it a point as of late not to settle," Hannibal answers, smooth, tilting his head before he has a sip of his wine. It wasn't an unintelligent question. "Most recently, Greenland, Spain - before that, the United States."

He watches Will, but his gaze isn't hungry or sly or calculated. It's confident and commanding without being overbearing. "If you mean originally, I'm afraid it's neither Rome nor the Cannae, despite my name."

He has a longer sip of wine, but lets it settle on his tongue before he swallows it, tasting, as if he were comparing the flavor to what was in front of him. "You're local," Hannibal guesses. "Though perhaps not a London native."

He doesn't wait for an answer, instead finishing the rich red sauce he had been working on and setting it aside off the heat, before turning to retrieve the rest of dinner out of the refrigerator. It is loaf shaped and crusted with a golden crisp top, and when Hannibal loosens it from the mold and settles it onto a serving plate, it slices neatly to reveal a creamy layer of marbled fat surrounding pink meat with a soft texture. It plates with a roasted thick bone heavy with marrow, the sauce, and dark rye bread, and an elegance that suggests this is more than a hobby.

Will watches the presentation of dinner and takes a slow sip of wine before, like Hannibal, letting it sit against his tongue before swallowing. It has a wonderful aftertaste, and Will lingers on it as he lets a pause drag long after Hannibal's statement. Will is far from local, having been born in Stoke, but he's allowed himself to adapt to London life quickly and well, his accent mingling and changing. Occasionally he will play up one or the other, or change his voice entirely depending on the price and preference for his evening's business. He wonders if Hannibal will require it of him, he's almost made up his mind to stay for the night – and then some, as requested – with the way the man has presented every request subtly and confidently.

It helps, too, that Will finds himself drawn to the man. He's certainly had his share of clients he finds blatantly repulsive. Will supposes everyone in his profession has the same.

He takes another drink of wine and notices the table by the balcony doors – perhaps it had been on the balcony before the weather had changed for the worse – is already set for two. He licks his lips lightly and moves to set his glass by one of the plates, leaving Hannibal to serve dinner as he retrieves the rest of the bottle of wine for them and settles at his chosen seat.

“Thank you,” he allows, a smile curving his lips up as he meets Hannibal’s eyes to ensure the man knows his gratitude is genuine, before picking up his cutlery. The dinner looks divine and the effort is certainly noted, effortless as it appeared. Will allows another few moments of silence before taking a breath.

“What do you like, Hannibal?” it’s an honest question and one Will tends to ask only if he’s certain of staying. Needing to know if he has to change his price or live up to what was already paid. He takes a bite of the meat and lets his eyes close in a slow blink of enjoyment as he waits for his answer.

"Good food, good wine," Hannibal begins, and he sets the plates just so, retrieves the wine bottle to keep it at hand for when their cups get low, and finally takes off his suit coat before sitting across from William. "Good weather," he emphasizes the last with a glance toward the balcony.

"And excellent company. I'm of fairly simple tastes, William." Hannibal reassures. "I simply place a high priority on discretion, as I imagine you do."

He lifts his fork, his gestures elegant even here, self-assured. "I like for things to go smoothly."

Hannibal’s words tail off as he eats - savors really, with the barest flash of teeth before the morsel disappears into his mouth, and for a moment, William loses his full attention as Hannibal appreciates the results of his efforts.

"Wild boar," he explains. "In America they have bastardized the terrine into liverwurst - though they have moved it further afield from the French than even the Germans have." He lets out a breath, divides another piece, and then looks up sharply when he is sure William is chewing, to take him at a slight disadvantage.

"What do you like, William?"

“Will,” he replies at length, chewing and swallowing his mouthful carefully before directing a look at Hannibal. He appreciates the honesty and simplicity of the reply, offers a small prize in response. His question wasn’t answered with what he wanted but he allows that the structure was certainly ambiguous. He takes a long drink of wine before offering a reply of his own.

“Good books and time to read them,” he starts, directing his eyes downwards a moment before returning them to Hannibal, “A good suit and capable hands to remove it for me.”

It’s fair to say Will is a man of simple tastes also, they just happen to be expensive tastes. But he likes the little things in life; his free time, his freedom in general, the lifestyle his job affords him.

“Hot tea on a cold day. Foreign accents and good conversation.” He smiles. It’s all true. He rarely lies during his appointments, except when it comes to revealing his full name. He hates being lied to, so he never does someone the disservice of lying to them. His responses are genuine, never forced, and his attention is given only when it’s deserved. As it is, in full now, on Hannibal.

“Did you have specific expectations for the evening?” he asks, rephrasing enough for it to be obvious what he wants to know. He has limits, as any man, but he has pushed them and stretched them for some. Prior warning to do so, however, is always appreciated.

Hannibal is watching him attentively as he finishes speaking, courteous and observant. Simple tastes, expensive demands. It made sense, in its own way. The man could clearly afford it - having discerning tastes likely made him more desirable to those that wished to conquer, and his face, his bearing - his expressive features attracted the rest. It was better for him to keep his price high - and his hours didn't seem to suffer for it.

"Nothing beyond the expectation that I would not spend it alone," he says, with a certain confidence. He had known somehow that he would not be rejected - not because of his expensive gift or the food, or even because he wasn't repulsive - he was just assured of himself. Confident. Even enough to admit he'd never felt any doubts, as now.

"Well, perhaps a few," he allows after a pause, and another long sip of wine. "I suppose in your line of work, surprises are mostly unwelcome. I promise there will not be any."

He sits back, sets his fork and knife just so on the edges of his plate. "I expect we'll finish dinner, discuss impersonal but pleasurable things, drink wine, and work our way into the bedroom or perhaps no further than the couch."

He has another sip of wine then looks up, watches and gauges how his words settle. "I won't tie you or hurt you." He tips his head and then sets his glass on the table and refills for both of them. "Just appreciate you. Would you prefer more vulgar descriptors, or can you afford me a measure of trust?"

Will refrains from telling him he hasn’t got enough to buy his trust, no one has, hence no one has it. he watches the dark liquid fill the glass and settle before reaching out to swirl it just a little and take a sip. Hannibal’s words are honest and quiet and Will does believe him, but there is more behind them, less a lie and more an omission.

“If you were to tie me, I’d prefer silk.” He says finally, setting the offer in case Hannibal wishes to take it up, “If you were to hurt me, I’d prefer you leave no permanent marks.” He lets his eyes settle on Hannibal’s, a silent driving home of a clear message: this is the most trust I’ll give you, understand you’re one of the few who gets this. Will wants to push to see if he can get that dark desire evident in Hannibal’s tone and carefully controlled expressions to flood and take over, but he will do the man the honor of not being vulgar himself.

He has had to play roles before. Certain men enjoyed playing off the innocence Will’s youth offered, for a high enough price he’s begged, contorted himself into strange positions that rendered both pleasure and discomfort in equal measure. Some enjoyed the very idea of seeing him debauched, usually after he’d driven the price for his evening high enough to just

skirt the boundaries of their abilities. He’s been silent, he’s been loud, he’s been pliant and struggling and playful. All for a price. All for a range of them. On occasion someone would buy his interest as well as his body, and then Will would offer more.

Tonight seems like such an occasion.

He finishes his dinner in relative silence and places his cutlery appropriately before thanking Hannibal again, taking up his glass to finish the rest of the liquid within it, gently holding out his hand to stop Hannibal pouring him more. Then he watches the man, carefully, taking in his composure, his relative lack of restlessness and surplus of interest, and licks his lower lip, the outside then in and then out again before retracting his tongue and meeting Hannibal’s eyes in silence. He’ll make his offer once the man suggests they move, if he doesn’t make the claim on his own.

After laying so fine a table of suggestions before Hannibal, sprawling out bare options as if they were his own body laid back on pillows suggestively, William isn't disappointed by Hannibal's response. He watches with clear intent, his eyes dark - he is here for the reason laid out in implication, and he hasn't forgotten, pleasant as the company has been.

Hannibal rises, and he does not fetch his jacket back from the chair. Instead he lifts his hands to undo the links at each opposite cuff, as casual a gesture as that. When he turns back his cuffs, his own watch is not a match for the one he's made a gift of, but it is the equal of it. The shining cufflinks that disappear into the pocket of his vest for safekeeping are likely tipped in real diamond.

"Come along," he says, satisfied enough apparently to take William further than the couch, supposing the man would prefer the comfort of the wide plush bed to lay himself out on. If Hannibal realizes he's been extended more than Will's usual - and it seems he already has by winning the shortened version of his name, he handles it with extreme grace as he has most other things.

Will goes, rising shortly after Hannibal and following at a respectful distance, hands sliding into the pockets of his slacks and a smile caressing his face when Hannibal can’t yet see it. there is something so powerful in being able to control so rich a man by his desperation. Will is here for that, after all, little else.

There is no elaborate setup in the bedroom - no candles or rose petals, but the sheets are not hotel standard, soft and matte satin in color, and likely soft and pleasing to the touch, but Hannibal does not take them that far yet. Instead he turns in his own doorway, and reaches, hooking his fingers under the lapels of Will's suit coat - not enough to rumple, deliberately careful when he pulls so as not to spoil the lay of the suit or strain the stitches, but enough to keep him moving into the kiss that Hannibal demands rather than truly asks.

With kissing, Will is lenient. They’re usually far harder to ration and control than other aspects of his job and he has long since stopped assigning them any meaning. They are a meeting of lips, the inevitable beginning to something bigger. He does enjoy them aesthetically, however, and lets his eyes close as his lips part. He exhales quietly and doesn’t quite go pliant in Hannibal’s hands, not yet, but the power behind the kiss, the promise he can

taste in it, is enough to have Will wonder if perhaps he can give the man his control for the evening, enjoy an easy night of submission and being ‘appreciated’.

Hannibal has learned to accept just one kiss, to make do with what he is given - in this case, not even begrudgingly. A professional, for certain. He takes his time, because Hannibal does not expect to get another.

Will hums when Hannibal pulls away but holds his tongue for the moment. Words have a tendency to ruin a certain aesthetic and Will uses them in moderation – if ever – during a session. He’ll gently hint if the situation requires it. For the moment he relaxes a little more, not so much tilting his head up as his eyes to look at the man above him. he presses his lips together gently and swallows, before welcoming the smooth little smile back.

Lifting his hands again, Hannibal smooths his fingers in a considering way over Will's neck, considering the pale expanse of skin that is visible and vulnerable to him, he soothes his fingers along the cords of muscle, and then pushes his thumb over Will's wet lips, where he was so fond of exposing pink flashes of tongue, and considers what he'll do.

Finally he decides on at least one thing. Hannibal works the buttons on the front of Will's sportscoat in swift, precise motions that are well practiced - even backwards. "Silk?" He asks, and lifts his hand to stroke gently over the man's neck again. He has a further question, but he produces his pocket square and folds it deftly before he asks. "I suppose those who have refused your reasonable requests have paid for it?"

Will swallows, sighing out as Hannibal lets him go in favor of taking his initial silence as confirmation. He tilts his head for the touch again and feels himself smile humorlessly at the next question.

“They’ve found themselves paying a hefty sum to watch me leave their suite, yes.” He confirms. He knows his job, he knows what is required of him, but his rules are unchangeable, adjusted rarely and only on occasions Will himself decides. He has a good enough reputation to occasionally walk out of the suite of a paying but stupid customer. It took him time to get there. He lets his eyes slide down to watch Hannibal’s hands, so quick to unbutton his jacket, work against the pocket square.

The square folds and folds again, long and thin, and then Hannibal simply affixes it around William's neck in a quick gesture, checks the tightness with two fingers beneath, and then starts on the buttons of his shirt.

It’s unexpected and exhilarating and Will’s quick exhale this time is accompanied by a quiet ‘oh’, before he swallows – the silk a comfortable pressure against his throat – and stays still for Hannibal to do as he wants. He won’t need words, he supposes, if this continues as it started.

Will’s been dominated before. It was clumsy and messy and he’d allowed it simply because what he got out of it was very much worth hours upon hours of horribly executed humiliation. But this… this is something he thinks will have him on edge properly, actually, not only willing but hypnotised enough to go along, give his voice, give his submission and enjoy it. He doesn’t move to touch Hannibal, expecting the man will name rules soon

enough. if he doesn't then Will will certainly take advantage of someone so put together, someone so willing to sink a certain level to get his pleasure. A mirror of Will that he's never encountered or allowed near him before.

"As you are free to leave," Hannibal says, low promise, as he finishes the last button of Will's shirt. "I'm free to withhold what I'm offering. I use no binding but my words," he suggests into the silence, filling with the quickening sounds of Will's breath. "So you'll mark me when I speak, or go on your way."

Hannibal is counting on his reputation, on the keen shine that came into William's eyes when he'd affixed the silk suggestion of a collar on his neck, to keep him from collecting his things and being on his way. But there is enough promise in his eyes to suggest it will be worth the man's while - if he at all enjoys the aspects of his work.

Pushing the shirt off of Will's shoulders, he collects it, snaps the fabric out straight and folds it, settles it aside so that when Will redresses for the morning he will not present a rumpled picture to the world. "See to your shoes and socks, and settle yourself on the bed," is the first order, delivered in a tone that is not over the top authoritative, but simply assumes that his suggestion will be heeded. Hannibal turns one hand to the other wrist and begins to undo his own watch, to set it aside, and he turns to watch William over one shoulder, seeing how he obeys.

Will's eyes close a moment and he gives himself the space of two breaths to appreciate the cool air against his bare shoulders, the command that's been issued, the way Hannibal can get William to do something by simply asking it of him. it's rare, so rare that it's still novel, still something Will's heart jolts in excitement at, sliding up to his throat before descending. It's a meeting of equals. Will opens his eyes and slowly sinks to one knee, back straight and head up, chin tilting to keep Hannibal in his line of sight until he settles comfortably on the floor. Then he moves to comply.

There is no amount of practice or time that Will does this that it doesn't feel awkward and perhaps look worse, but he's learned to push that from the forefront of his mind as he carefully unlaces his shoes, one at a time in the position he's in, and then stands to remove them, folding his socks to rest them in the toes of his shoes to find them later. He can feel Hannibal's eyes on him keenly and assumes he's allowed to look, allows himself to briefly, before stepping away to walk around to the opposite end of the bed and crawl onto it.

It's both simpler and far more difficult with Hannibal. Will doesn't have to act wanton to be wanted, he doesn't have to play innocent, pretend, present himself in such a way as to make someone not only hungry for him but desperate enough to set patience aside. Hannibal has patience in such abundance Will is certain he won't see it run out, so he doesn't try to push it. but with the tedium of presentation taken away, Will is at a loss, for just a moment as to what he should do. The hunger is there, it's simply controlled, the rules have been set both in words and the lack of them between them both, and Will is happy to do as he's told until he's released in the morning.

He makes a pretty picture to Hannibal's eyes, as he slips off his own tie in a long loop and lets it slither through his fingers, wraps it once around his own hand, and then folds it, neatly instead. The gesture had been uncalculated, one of thought.

Will chooses to stay as he is for now, on all fours but not obscenely, resting against the mattress in a balanced and quite comfortable position until he's made to move. There's a lot he can do from the way he's placed; from speaking, to pleasuring, to holding himself still. He does the last for now, hands out just past shoulder width, legs comfortably spread at hip width, head neither ducked nor raised, but eyes up.

"Very good," Hannibal says, with no hint of condescending. It's an indicator that William has followed his instructions in a way that he is pleased with, even if he chose an unusual definition of 'settle'. It was a suggestive one, an open one that isn't quite submissive but still came about of submitting, and Hannibal pushes his palm up the dip of William's spine appreciative, noting the difference in tones between his ruddy complexion and the pale expanse, broken only by the white silk situated around the man's neck.

Hannibal strokes the skin just above it at the back of Will's neck, and then pushes his fingers up through Will's hair, to push it loose of the hold whatever product he'd used on it had, to render it soft and pleasant to touch, and ever so slightly tousled.

Finally he lifts his hands and then settles on his knees behind Will on the bed, and his hands slide up the still clothed insides of the man's thighs, move him in silent request to a slightly wider stance, and he slides his hands up alongside Will's spine until he arches his back for him, which earns a pleased rumble. The next two touches come at the same time, extensions of the movements Hannibal was already making - two fingers hook under the tie of silk - they do not pull, but just restrict ever so slightly, and the other slides around the man's hips to his front, palming him through his clothes.

"How big are you, Will?" He asks, conversationally as he leans down over the man's back. "Not what you claim for advertisement." It will become evident fairly soon, like as not, but Hannibal is curious how he'll answer with twisting fingers tightening the collar only a fraction - enough to notice, but not constrict - with every motion his other hand makes.

Will moans. It's a quiet sound but a genuine one born of both surprise and pleasure, his fingers curling in the sheets on reflex. It's not a tight hold but it's warning enough, foreshadowing, delicious promise of more and later. He doesn't roll his hips into the touch, though the pressure is firm enough and feels good enough to make him want to. He swallows and tilts his head back just a little, feeling the gentle tightening of the silk with the movement.

"Five point nine," he murmurs, closing his eyes and swallowing against the soft restraint. Will has always been comfortable with his size, has never cared enough to compare – beyond unavoidable male curiosity – and has never particularly felt shame or taken pride in the size he is. It doesn't matter. For all intents and purposes he uses it for pleasure for himself, hardly ever for others.

The makeshift collar tightens with every gentle tug and pull of Hannibal's other hand and Will can't even duck his head to catch his breath, forced to keep looking up, back bent in a sloping curve, legs parted as wide as Hannibal wanted them for the time being. He still resists the urge to roll his hops forward but it's taking more and more willpower not to.

The honest answer - one without indignant exaggeration or false modesty - is rewarded. Hannibal curls his fingers, and then works the catch on Will's fly, getting it undone in a deliberate series of motions - a little more difficult one handed when it is not your own, and eases some of the pressure by working the zipper down, tooth by tooth, taking his time.

“I never advertise above what I can deliver,” Will adds breathlessly, fingers curling a little harder in the duvet as Hannibal keeps touching, relentless. And it’s the truth. From the moment Will put the advert on the website he’s been clear: he has expensive tastes, certain limits, the ability to be swayed and bargained with, the desire to be treated well, and for his clients to follow the few rules he himself asks to enforce. Never a lie. But never has he been called out on it as though it was, as though he was a schoolboy caught cheating on a test. He feels his heart speed up a little more and allows another moan to escape him.

"But there are times you deliver above what you advertise," Hannibal guesses - or supposes. He shifts back, takes is weight off of Will and eases his pants over his hips. There was a time for games and modesty and nice suits to be appreciated, but in this case, Hannibal finds teasing through clothes to be an unnecessary false prolonging tactic. Skin is more responsive, and requires more masterful touches to keep someone on the edge without spilling them over.

Will gasps quietly when the pressure is released around his throat, shifting forward in as much of a rock as he allows himself. Hannibal’s words make him smile, and he bends his back just a little more as Hannibal starts to unclothe him.

“Oh yes,”

It takes some doing, he pushes the waistband down to Will's knees and then works each leg off as William shifts his balance to accommodate, before he steps back and folds the slacks, and has a good long look at what he has to work with.

"On your back," he finally decides, "For now."

He stands back and watches William array himself on the bed, fingers working the buttons of his own vest, then the shirt beneath, but his eyes don't stray from the picture painted, and he supposes without requiring a ruler that the estimate given him is exactly correct. William is the sort to know by fractions exactly how he measures.

There is a fine art to movement. One a lot of people take for granted. Will has learned, with time, to move his body a certain way to present it or garner a specific reaction. He doesn’t turn to that today, not when he knows full well he has all of Hannibal’s attention already. He shifts comfortably instead, to his side and then to his back, pushing his body up the bed until he lies in a comfortable sprawl, body open and on display for Hannibal as he watches.

“You do this often.” Will suggests, no accusation or judgement in his tone. He would be, of all people, rather a hypocrite to judge Hannibal’s preferences of hobby, considering he was one. But he is curious if Hannibal is one of those men who enjoys the company of people such as himself in more places than London. He doesn’t lie still, he doesn’t fidget or shift nervously, but he allows his body to move the way it wants to, curving over the sheets on a breath, turning just a little on an exhale, hands skimming skin and knees parting just enough

to suggest an adjustment for comfort not for show. Though he’s certain Hannibal’s scrutiny is far from clinical.

"I do this very often," Hannibal agrees. "Or I have come to, now that I can purchase discretion comfortably." It's an allowance, not a threat. Hannibal would not be so uncouth - simply an acknowledgment. "And perhaps the occasional trophy."

Hannibal's eyes track Will across the bed as he shifts, the way his knees shift further open, a hand sliding down over his own body in a deliberate way, and the corner of his mouth turns up at one side.

Will wonders if Hannibal is rough, if that’s the way he keeps his iron composure and calm, smooth exterior, or if he’s simply a man who knows what he wants and is willing to expend the effort to get it. Will drops his hand to stroke himself slowly, not enough to fully stimulate, certainly not the pressure Hannibal had offered him, but enough to arouse interest and give himself something to do as he watches Hannibal in turn. The man is at once imposing and welcoming, a strange and fascinating mix William can’t seem to fully understand. He strokes himself in a way that is more visually stimulating than tactile, a presentation and an offer of his own.

Stripped down to just his trousers, Hannibal still seems commanding. He isn't hard, vain muscle, he isn't businessman soft. He's built with economy - broad shoulders, a flat stomach, an attractive curve from shoulder to lower back as he twists to take his shoes off - no more awkward at it than Will. He sets his own clothes aside separately, though just as neatly.

Finally, he crosses the space, and settles down on the bed, watching the display of splayed fingers on deeply pink, ready flesh. He takes a moment to watch Will work himself, to see the way he responds to his own teasing, light touches. He appreciates, devours with his eyes, and then reaches out and pushes his palm over the back of Will's hand, leaning into the gesture to gather his fingers together at the base of his own cock before he makes slow, deliberate application of his tongue to the length of Will's cock not entrapped within his own fist, his own fingers still holding Will's in place.

Will closes his eyes with a quiet sigh and keeps his hand where Hannibal wants it, his other resting on the sheets by his side for the moment. He wasn’t issued instructions to hold his voice or loose it, so he allows it to be a natural process, lets his breathing pick up, allows the occasional low hum of pleasure to accompany it. And even now he isn’t lying still, arching his back gently in a fluid movement, drawing one knee up a little higher as the other simultaneously slides to rest his leg flat against the bed.

It’s pleasurable and not unusual for Will to be treated like this. It falls into the aforementioned delicate category, when men hire him to worship him, or to play out a fantasy that they have a constant lover who adores them and everything they do to him. This play is always easier, because Will in essence spends the evening on his back getting pleasured and leaves with gifts and his fee. It was this that got him into the job in the first place, the simplicity of it, the lack of demand. And even now it’s easy, but there’s an underlying energy that’s rarely present when Will is with some of his other clients.

His fingers flex under Hannibal’s, squeeze a little tighter and let go, his eyes still closed, his head shifting around on the mattress enough to tousle his hair further. He’s comfortably close so he endures it, doesn’t rush the process, doesn’t beg for anything. He’s certain he’ll be begging later so he saves the energy.

Hannibal draws back, nearly in the instant that Will's fingers let go, looking up the length of his body and watching his breath lift his ribs in a quick pattern, before he settles up just a little again, getting an elbow beneath him to make eye contact as his fingers take over where Will's left - but light, quick - slick ghosting touches that tease.

“So am I a trophy?” Will asks finally, voice quiet and much lower in timbre than it had been. He lets his eyes slide open and tucks his head gently against his shoulder to see Hannibal properly. He offers a smirk with his words. It’s not a serious question, Will doesn’t particularly care either way, he’s been many things to a lot of people, and trophy is the kinder of many.

"At first," Hannibal answers, his tone low and quiet too, watching the expressions work themselves over Will's features as he shifts and writhes - he doesn't hold his reactions back, doesn't force himself still. Hannibal doesn't ask him to, he just pays attention and seems to know exactly when to back off entirely and just let Will breathe, keeping him on a low level plateau, never quite climbing any closer.

"But I find you more interesting than a simple conquest already," Hannibal continues, loosening his fingers entirely, and smoothing his hand low on Will's belly instead. "Don't cum," he instructs. "Not until I tell you. Would it be easier with a device, or do you prefer a challenge of self-restraint?"

Will’s eyes narrow lightly in answer, his smile still evident. He’ll take the challenge. He is no stranger to toys but unless someone explicitly wants them, he prefers to use his body to its capacity.

Hannibal sits up at last, and drags William's hips over his lap, giving him access to the whole run of the man's body and keeping his back arched in a way that's pleasing to the eye, and he touches less directly, explores the full length of his body - along his sides to see what makes him shift and squirm, up the insides of his splayed biceps, pushing a thumb over each nipple in turn - though he doesn't linger there, and then his hand rests over the silk on the man's neck, without yet pulling it tight.

The touches are gentle, barely there, but Will feels every single one of them, and responds; shifting away from the tickling sensation at his sides, arching into the stroke of rough pads of fingers over his nipples. He tilts his head back with a soft slow blink when Hannibal’s hands come to rest at his throat. It’s a possessive gesture without the violence, a gentle reminder that Will doesn’t need but appreciates nonetheless.

He curls his legs around Hannibal’s middle and pulls himself closer, without moving his hands from where they rest near his head, without actually moving his body at all. The shift does bring Hannibal’s hands against his throat just a little more, but it’s not a painful pressure, rather a welcome one. Will thinks back to Hannibal’s words, enjoys the fact that as Hannibal has caught his attention, so Will has caught his. Will does think himself more than

simply an outlet for sexual pleasure. He has enough to offer to be more than that, but few people take advantage of it.

Hannibal has earned himself enough time to make use of all that Will has to offer - and he fully intends to, to push him until he finds his limits and re-acquaints himself with them. Right now, he maps - touches slow and deliberate, skirts his erection until Will is shifting for any touch he can get, and the tremors in his body translate through the contact.

Finally he hooks two fingers under Will's collar and pulls him up, bends him at the waist until they are far more intimate, William sitting over his lap, and his free hand sliding between them to curl around Will's cock again, now that he's sure that William has backed off the edge a little.

Will goes as he’s pulled, unhooking his legs from around Hannibal’s waist so he can take his own weight against the bed, sitting close enough to the man to share air a moment before ducking his head on a soft sound of pleasure as he touches him again. the fingers in the collar twist, not harshly, but enough to bring the flat of Hannibal’s thumb under Will’s chin and lift it until they’re eye to eye again.

"Tell me about yourself, Will," he requests. "Nothing too personal, but I find talking keeps the mind a little clearer." He slides the pad of his thumb roughly over the slit at the head of the man's cock, then down, pushing it side to side against the frenulum beneath, lightly tracing with the side of his nail after a second, to hear Will's voice go rough and quavering as he attempts to speak through it.

The sound Will makes is a little louder and his lips part on slightly gritted teeth as he tries to get his voice not to waver. He shifts one hand to hold Hannibal’s shoulder, taking some weight off the silk at his throat, the other skims slightly bent knuckles down the center of his chest, eyes following as much as his field of vision allows.

“I get bored so easily,” he murmurs, pressing his lips together to cover a moan before licking them and continuing, “This proves a lovely… distraction… when I can get it.”

And this is distracting, Hannibal’s clever hands. Will flicks his eyes down to watch and feels the thumb under his chin push him up again, eyes following. Will gives in just enough to shift his hips lightly into the touch, eyes closing in a lazy half-blink before opening again, dark and bright. Hannibal shifts his hand just a little and Will’s back goes rigid in pleasure, lip between his teeth doing little to stop the moan escaping him. his fingers press red marks against Hannibal’s shoulder before relaxing.

Hannibal is watching the changes on William's face from inches away, his own eyes half lidded, but they miss nothing. The changes come easy to the expressive features, while Hannibal's own are far more subtle - he has a reserve that's difficult to penetrate, but he's attentive, and it's almost as rewarding to watch the slow changes come over him as it is for William's full openness and permissive nature.

“I very much enjoy my work.” Will adds at length, words breathless, and the smile he allows only adding to the proof of his honesty. He’s close, from Hannibal’s patient and deliberate touches, and there’s a slight tremor that runs just under his skin as he sits closer. Will doesn’t

attach meaning to kisses, they don’t matter, but he pushes his lips against Hannibal’s nonetheless, in invitation or permission he isn’t sure anymore, but he welcomes the response.

The kiss both surprises and pleases Hannibal, bestowed as it is like a favor of preference. Hannibal accepts it, and the permission implied, pushing his tongue roughly into the distracting mouth, while in counterpoint his touches ease and slow, feeling for how on edge Will is and he hasn't yet granted permission.

Finally he removes his hand altogether, curling it around Will's hip instead and leaning into the kiss for a moment longer before they have to breathe. He does - one inhale, one exhale, and he has another long moment of consideration, turning his head to settle his mouth under the side of Will's jaw gently - a press of teeth, but nothing that will leave a mark, just enough to be sure his attention isn't drifting. "Up," he instructs.

He's tired of the confinement of his own pants, and he finally intends to see to them, as William eases off over his lap. He pauses to correct him from going too far, intending perhaps to resume their positions when he is finished, but instead he gets to his feet and stays there, hooks his fingers under the knot in the silk around Will's neck and pulls gently until the man gets the idea that it's time for him to make a little repayment.

"It does grind on, life without true fulfilment," Hannibal agrees - all this time later, still thinking of the things William had been saying with his hands on him. "This is less a game than the rest of it."

Will watches Hannibal stand and allows himself the moment to catch his breath before the collar is tugged again and Will smiles. He folds onto all fours in a graceful movement and shifts just a little closer. He keeps his eyes up, even when the pressure settles to nothing more than Hannibal’s fingers caressing the fabric, he stays still. After a moment he cocks his head and smiles.

“Perhaps if people let their inhibitions go in life as they do during sex,” he murmurs, letting his eyes slide from Hannibal’s and down his body to the telling bulge between his legs, “Perhaps then it would be easier to play.”

When Will crawls closer, he doesn’t immediately move to mouth against Hannibal, doesn’t make it so easy and boring. He drags his lips, instead, over the skin just below his navel, parted and rougher than what they’re touching. He exhales, letting his eyes close and a smile curve his mouth upwards. He draws his lips back enough to gently drag his teeth softly over the skin, not biting, but just enough to feel. He almost relishes the hand that settles in his hair, curling around the strands in a way that could be both appreciative and impatient. He doesn’t change pace.

"They seem to be fairly willing to abandon inhibitions," Hannibal begins, and then he exhales a breath, satisfied, as Will shows him the edges of his teeth in a deliberate reminder. Not that Hannibal has by any means forgotten. "If you give them any excuse - alcohol, drugs... money. Giving or receiving." But the purring approval evident in Hannibal's tone as William takes his time takes the sting out of the last suggestion.

It takes Will a generous amount of time before he finally sits up enough to carefully undo the button and fly, palms flat against the fabric on Hannibal’s hips as he draws his pants down slowly, just enough for him to get at what he needs, enough to nuzzle gently against the thin fabric of underwear still constraining Hannibal’s cock. And only when he feels the fingers in his hair tighten in a demand, only when the hand not holding him slides gently over the silk in a reminder and a warning, does Will open his mouth and press it, hot and wet, against the straining outline.

It's a blissful heat that was worth the wait, as the thin silk goes wet and sliding under Will's tongue and if Hannibal had a train of thought he was intending to continue, it goes quietly off the rails as he pushes forward against William's mouth - not in a demand exactly, and not wholly on instinct. He is quiet except for the way his breath escapes his control in little rushes of air that aren't quite soundless - almost gasps, save they lack some of the force. One hand settles on William's shoulder, encouraging, the other runs through his hair, and then cups under his chin just a little, with his thumb feeling the join of Will's jaw along his cheek - as it opens and works.

Patient and slow, and finally Hannibal is tired enough of his pants hanging low around his hips that he pushes them down to the floor, shifting back out of reach for a moment to pull them off entirely. He is unsurprised when Will reaches out across the few inches Hannibal has given himself and helps him ease his underwear past his hips as well, pulling the elastic waist out and over to free him fully at last, and Hannibal eases a knee up onto the bed as Will curls his fingers around him and strokes - just as lightly and as teasing as he had started.

It's not unusual for Will to be so wholly focused on something. If he finds something - or someone - he enjoys, Will will dedicate his time to them. He watches Hannibal grow harder and heavy in his hand, not looking up at him as he continues his slow work, just as Hannibal had done not long ago to drive Will near the edge. Then he curls his palm under the base and puts his mouth on him properly, and then he doesn't tease.

He takes him deep enough to set his eyes closing, pauses, then slowly takes him deeper. It's something Will developed with practice, this ability to take someone far enough to be uncomfortable, to make it hard to breathe, and enjoy it. He hums gently as he pulls off, looking up to see if this was what Hannibal wanted from him, or if he wanted something less showy, less blatantly desperate. He blinks, slow, before sucking him in again, starting a slow, deliberate rhythm, bending his back in a gentle curve, allowing low sounds to escape him.

Sighing, Hannibal allows his own eyes to sink closed in focus, to experience exactly what William is giving him - all of himself. He doesn't impose himself on what he's given - it's difficult enough without him forcing the matter, though he does ease his hips into it when he's sure Will's ready. Hannibal's voice answers then finally, wordless and low in his chest, as he lets his hands wander, softly approving.

Will refrains from pressing the heel of his palm against himself to keep the budding orgasm at bay. He's close, and very aware of the quiet command issued to him earlier. He's been closer, but this is distracting, feeling Hannibal press against his jaw, draw fingers over his throat and upper back in meandering, slow, meaningless patterns. It's like being caressed. It's close to being intimate if not for the underlying danger of it all, the memory of why he was

here and what he was doing. And for what. Will flicks his eyes up again and pulls off slowly, pressing his teeth against skin just enough to stimulate before sitting back and wiping his mouth gently with the back of his wrist.

Hannibal scratches his nails over Will's shoulders as teeth touch him - not in warning or true reciprocation, but just letting Will feel as much as he was at the moment, and then the hand curled under Will's chin draws him up even as he's sitting back, and he pushes his mouth against Will's as if to taste himself, reaches his hand down when Will's sitting up and while they kiss he reaches down to test the man's endurance, curling his fingers and finding him extremely hard.

It's a surprise, when he hasn't been touched in so long a stretch, that he would be this hard - though it shouldn't be. He clearly loved his profession. Hannibal can feel that he's so close to the edge, however, that there's little that won't push him over.

Will's eyes close and he swallows, fingers digging into the sheets to ground himself. It's difficult, very difficult, to not beg the man off, to ask him to *please, just a little more, let me...*

"Lay back," Hannibal says, with one more stroke to test the man's resolve and dedication, and another quick press of lips. "Wait. We'll cool you off."

Will makes a slightly helpless sound before Hannibal lets him go and finds his body following as he pulls away before blinking himself back to the instructions issued. He sits back on his heels a moment, dragging a hand through his hair as though the gentle tug would bring him back to the here and now. It helps, if anything, and Will gives Hannibal a long, hot look before shifting to lie back as he had been, comfortable and open and a passable semblance of relaxed.

When Will has made to obey, Hannibal heads out of the room to borrow ice from the bucket in which the wine is chilling. He scoops frozen chips into a clean glass, considering, taking a moment to center himself as he considers his options. He was pleased to this point - the man was worth every askance he made, responsive, without being deadened to his work.

Will allows one hand to come up and cover his eyes a moment, pressing gently against the lids to bring up stars before they dissipated into dark red again. He is wired, energy and adrenaline thrumming through his system as he waits to see what else Hannibal asks of him. He drops his hand when he hears the man return and can't help but wet his lips just a little, a reflexive motion. This, at least, was original. He rarely got a client who wanted to play with more than Will's voice and his endurance. He's fairly sure Hannibal has far more exquisite ideas than this, and he's more than willing to endure to see if they're employed.

For the moment, however, he pushes himself up to rest on his elbows.

Hannibal is the sort who believes that the best results are derived from creativity. Special tools have their places, but he has just enough experience, just enough creativity. And William has just enough resilience to let this be interesting for both of them. He settles on the bed again, using two fingers to recover a curved ice cube from the glass.

"Tell me when you're close again," Hannibal suggests, and his tone is conversational - not quite an order. His tone suggests that William is allowed to ask, when he's ready - but he won't make the man beg, that's a waste of such clear talent and enjoyment, and this wasn't about reducing the man that far - but elevating him instead. Expanding him until he was open and impatient.

He traces a freezing wet line along the inside of Will's thigh, looking up the length of him and watching, the dark expressive eyes looking down to track his motion even as the skin first twitches protest at something so cold when it was so clearly flushed. The line draws up, deliberately, along William's thigh. Hannibal pushes the cold edge intimately into the crease of Will's thigh and watches it leave drips and trails, intersecting lines of sensation.

Instead of taking his touch up, instead he traces the flat of the cube over Will's balls and down, to press it melting against his perineum, and holds it in place until Will protests.

Human perception is something so easily swayed and twisted. Will gasps quietly at the feeling of ice against him, at the slick slide of something so cold against skin that is anything but. And yet, the closer it gets to where Will is hottest, the hotter it in turn feels, until it becomes an inversion of itself, from freezing ice to burning blade, and it's jarring and intoxicating, and Will shifts back a little, whining when Hannibal patiently follows, before lying back with a groan and bringing his knees up as though to push himself away. He doesn't.

"Should I be flattered that you're enjoying this so much?" He murmurs breathlessly, giving Hannibal as good a smirk as he can manage before it's wiped away by another gentle swipe of the searing ice to his skin, "Or worried you'll get creative?"

"Is this not creative enough for you?" Hannibal asks in turn, watching the man twist with it, watching him freeze and burn at the same time, and the ice finally melts away leaving just his cold fingertips, rubbing the chilled skin in firm circles, until he reaches to refresh the ice cube, recovering another from the glass, starting right where he left off.

In truth, it's the former, even if Will knows that creative people can turn to terrifying people in an instant, in one quick flash of deadly inspiration, it's not only flattering but very welcome to be enjoyed like this, explored, played with. Appreciated. He smiles a little wider and arches his back off the bed, head back and lips parted on a quiet curse that indicates anything but displeasure. He wants to see how far this will go, wants to feel how cold Hannibal's hands will be against his skin, how strange it would feel to kiss the man with the same ice on his lips - the thought alone makes him tremble.

Create me, he thinks, *ruin me, annihilate me...*

Hannibal pushes the ice chip lower, this time, when it is slick with its own melting water, and pushes it in a slow circle around his entrance, teasingly slow, moving with him when he arches, shifting his fingers up so the brush of them is almost warm, just behind the ice. This time, as it melts, he pushes Will's knees further apart, easing himself between them. He coaxes until Will arches again, pushing against it rather than pulling away.

It's up to William to hold himself up when Hannibal leans in after the ice has melted away and replaces that pressure with his warm tongue, fingers looped cold and anchoring over the man's thigh as he pushes the flat of his tongue against William after the last cold trails of water, following them up from inner thigh to where he was coldest. His mouth is warm in contrast, but just as insistent, and still he hasn't touched William's cock.

When he reaches up at last, it reveals he'd kept another trapped against his palm with two fingers, and he presses it between his hold and Will's length when he curls his fingers around the man, and strokes slow and long, to press a long, cold swath up the underside of his cock.

"Fuck!" it's a whine, a weak sound and a desperate one, but the sharp contrast in temperatures, the demanding yet gentle way he's being coaxed and held it making Will come very close to losing his mind. His toes curl in a strangely intoxicating mix of pleasure and discomfort and he turns to bury his face, as much as he can, in the rumpled sheets by his shoulder, biting down gently to keep himself even slightly grounded. Yes, this is creative. Hannibal is playing with Will as Will usually plays with his clients.

"You're not going to retract your command unless I ask, are you?" he whispers breathlessly, licking his lips and drawing a hand through his hair to grip the strands tight and pull his head back in an arch that is mirrored by the rest of his body. He wants to, he wants to ask and twist and lose himself to this, but he also wants Hannibal. Wants the man pleased and impressed and aroused just as Will is. He wants to leave Hannibal in the morning still aching for him, wants the man to remember.

Hannibal doesn't answer immediately - having faith in Will's stamina, holding the answer to the question to be self-evident, and curious if he will ask. Aside from that, he isn't about to let up with his mouth just to answer a question.

The rapidly cooling water against hot skin is making Will tremble, muscles in his thighs quivering with need and the desperate attempt to keep himself still.

"Hannibal, please," he moans, the hand tangled in his hair releasing it to stretch high over his head, fingers splayed before curling gently inwards, his other ventures down to cover Hannibal's freezing fingers with his own against his thigh.

That catches Hannibal's attention, and he sits up at last, passing his tongue over his lower lip at the sight arrayed before him, William pulling at his own hair, body stretched tight as he tries to distract himself enough not to disobey Hannibal's order. Hannibal doesn't make it easy for him, curls his fingers tighter as he strokes and holds his answer until it's perhaps half a second before it won't matter if he gives it or not.

"Alright, Will," he says, and his tone is kind. "Let go for me."

With permission granted, he takes the head of Will's cock into his mouth again, easing the cool off his skin with his hot mouth, though he draws back at the last second, when he feels Will tense to go over the edge, and strokes him through it instead, all the way through as Will arches up into his touch, and it seems to wring out of him from top to bottom, with Hannibal finally easing him back onto his lap to take some of the strain off his arching back.

It's blinding and overwhelming, and Will isn't sure if he's making a sound or imagining he is, but when he comes back to himself enough to realize his limbs are his own, he's lying against Hannibal's lap again, as he had been. He swallows air and rests his hand over his eyes again, fingers slightly cooler than his feverish skin, it helps bring coherency back even a little to his otherwise numb mind. He bites his lip and feels a low laugh escape him, a pleased sound; pleased with himself, with the fact that he has Hannibal's hands all over him with attention. When he lets his lip go he drops his hand also, resting it in the messy hair splayed out on the sheets.

Hannibal eases the pressure but keeps stroking coaxingly until he's certain Will is all the way through, and makes a satisfied, hungry noise low in his chest, watching William's features smooth as his breath keeps racing.

He leans down along the length of Will's body in a gently possessive motion - not a claim just an assertion of a job well done, and strokes his fingers along the man's throat until he has William's attention. "Will you recover?" he asks and it's a gentle challenge, but a challenge nonetheless.

Will tilts his head enough to be a submission but keeps the eye contact challenge carefully. His smile widens a little but it's gentler, soothed down by the orgasm that has his body trembling.

"Shortly," he replies, confident and amused, and slowly becoming more and more present again. He runs the hand not resting in his hair up Hannibal's side, knuckles skirting ticklish skin, and watches the reaction lazily. If he were a different man, with a different job, he could get used to this. To the treatment, the banter, the pay... being treated both as something special and worthy, and being challenged against himself. It's refreshing and - admittedly - deliciously fun. He arches his neck enough to feel Hannibal's breath on his lips but moves no further until he's tugged or allowed.

Power in submission, it's a challenge in itself. He knows the man wants him, probably more than he himself realizes yet.

"I knew you were the sort," Hannibal says, and he sits up enough to reach for the glass of partially melted ice, and has a long sip, offering it to William if he should desire it as he crunches an ice cube between his teeth and again considers the man laid out over his lap in slow recovery, and his expression is warm and pleased.

Will sits up far enough to take the glass gratefully and tilts his head back until all the water melted from the chips of ice slides over his lips and down his throat. He catches the ice before he can follow, not chewing it like Hannibal is, but keeping one piece between his teeth before enveloping it with his lips and warming it until it melts. He passes the glass back.

Reaching out, Hannibal works the knot on his pocket square expertly until it comes undone under his fingers, without pulling too harshly at William's neck, and he shakes the square out and sets it aside. "No more roles," he assures, his tone low. "I want to see what you'll do with no commands at all."

He had seen enough promise in William's eyes, when they had fluttered open as Hannibal had touched him that he is curious - interested - to see him deliver upon them. Hannibal pushes the glass with ice chips aside on the night stand and settles the rumpled pocket square next to it, and from the drawer he produces the rest of what they might require - to spare William any need to ask later. Lube appears in a discrete black bottle and two condoms, and then he settles in comfortably.

It's deceptively intimate, as he feels William's breath slowly gather back to a less breakneck pace, and allows himself to relax for a little while.

Will's lips draw back in a slow, lazy grin as he watches Hannibal set the lube and condoms down before lying closer. He cocks his head at the words and turns so he's lying a little more on his side facing Hannibal.

"So just pure, unadulterated fucking then?" he confirms, the smile crooked and teasing and he leans in enough to suck the skin at the juncture of jaw and throat, lips cold from the ice against the heat there. He smiles when he sees the goosebumps skitter for just a moment over the skin, disappearing just as quickly. "No roles, no rules, and no commands at all."

"No roles," Hannibal agrees, his attention turning sharper as William's voice slides back from breathlessness to wicked suggestiveness. "Rules only as civil agreements." If someone says no or stop, he implies, but no one is likely to suggest either.

It's not the first time Will has wanted to – willingly – be fucked by a client. He does enjoy it, but this is a whole new animal. Hannibal is powerful as he is clever, he understands what limits are and how to push them to just the right pain before endurance snaps. Will noted that he took out two condoms, but he doesn't comment.

Outside, it's still raining, the drops pelting at the windows but making hardly any sound. It's late, perhaps past midnight, perhaps just before. Will pushes himself up and slides his body over Hannibal's, straddling him before sliding forward to press them properly together, chest to hips. He rests one hand in the man's hair, the other arm bent at the elbow, his chin resting on it in a semblance of boredom.

Hannibal lifts his hands to settle at either side of Will's hips, watching him, holding on with some assurance that this will utterly be worth it, before his hands wander up the man's stomach - trailing around the remains of his release, and then up distractingly, to push his nails in a slow distraction to see William keep speaking through it.

"With no commands at all," he repeats, eyes narrowing as he regards the man under him, enjoys the feeling of his hands – still slightly cold from the ice – against his shoulders and back and then lower. "I would want to do something to you, that you wouldn't forget. Something you would stay up nights thinking over, replaying, stroking yourself to the memory of until it just became too much." His tone is quiet, smooth, as though he's telling a story, not making a threat, a promise. He wants to know what Hannibal desires of him, what he could do to have the man wont to let him go in the morning, to have him try and ask him back. It would be Will's biggest reward if he could achieve even that during their evening together.

Hannibal is not an easy conquest, but Will has his full attention as he draws out an image of what he intends with his voice. What he asks is not quite an emotional connection, but at the very least a fondness and a physical memory, and there's no hiding the way he responds to just the sound of Will's voice making such delicious promises, hardening fully again between them even without being touched.

He leans in then, lips gentle against Hannibal’s but pressing enough to feel. When he pulls away they still brush when he speaks. “Give me a hint.”

"Leave a mark," Hannibal suggests, as an extension of what William is saying already. "Where only I will see it. Something to push my fingers into that will wake aches and memories."

The corner of his mouth turns up and he leans back finally, into a more open position, unwilling to admit that he already is unlikely to forget William any time soon. There are people he has seen in this way that have been pleasant diversions, an evening's distraction, but he'll already remember this. But he'd rather see Will work for it, to see what he'd attempt when he wanted to impress.

No commands he'd said, but he's laying himself back and open to suggestion - this time he's the one willing. He settles back on his elbows, at ease, but not inattentive.

Will’s eyes flick down to Hannibal’s lips, trace the smirk slowly before allowing them to slide lower over the man’s chest and down to where they rest together. The invitation is a delicious one, a tempting sweet thing that Will will certainly take advantage of once he decides how and where. He can feel Hannibal against him, hard but patient enough to lie still. And Will has earned that patience, can feel the residual tremors under his skin, limbs lax but under his control again.

He pushes himself up further, hips still pressed to Hannibal’s, hands on either side of his shoulders as he takes in what he has to work with. His lips part lightly, tongue tracing the bottom one in contemplation before rolling his hips deliberately against Hannibal’s and sliding his body back further, hips up and body poised over Hannibal’s just enough to feel but not touch.

He starts at his throat, drawing lips down the muscle that pulls taut at the gentle pressure. He sighs, doing nothing more than breathing against him a moment before shifting down further, his lips the only point of contact with Hannibal’s body as he maps and chooses, leaves nothing but ghost paths of breath over his chest and arms. It’s deliberately slow, deliberately teasing. Occasionally Will’s lips press gently to skin as though to make a mark before shifting away just as softly. Once or twice, he allows the drag of teeth; above the right nipple, at the delicate skin on the inside of Hannibal’s elbow, gently catching on the skin just above his navel.

He waits for Hannibal to get impatient, to shift under him, to let his hands against Will’s skin press a little harsher, and he makes him wait more. Almost nuzzling him with the promise of something but not giving it to him. it’s only when Hannibal’s voice returns, a quiet hum edged in irritation, that Will licks a thick, hot stripe up the V of his hip and bites down on the apex.

Hannibal knows why the other is delaying and drawing this out - a very simple sort of revenge, and Hannibal doesn't grudge it to him. More aptly, he might call it payback. Then it finally comes, sharp and sudden after the lull designed to heighten tension to the point of impatience, and Hannibal's faint noise turns into a sudden intake of breath.

It's not quite a gasp, but it is the start of one before he arches into the sensation rather than away from it, his hands curling into Will's shoulders harder still at the sharp sensation - the promise that Will doesn't intend to let go until the mark has sunk deep, and when he finally lets go with his mouth, Hannibal eases a thumb against the spit-slick flesh and pushes it in to feel the ache sink deep, and makes a satisfied sound.

He had known Will had teeth - he had hinted with them, always suggested they were there, and Hannibal had given him leave to use them as any true predator might. Hannibal would not soon forget. William leaves him another mark on the other side in the interest of deliberate symmetry - so that the first could not be considered an accident, and Hannibal expresses himself in a soft groan, before he lifts his hand and settles his teeth against the backs of his first two fingers to still the sound.

He twists and pushes his hips up suggestively, drawing his knees up alongside William in clear indication that he was ready for something a little more direct, after all his patience.

Will watches, satisfied with the response, with the way the blood pools just under the surface in dark circles that he licks again, deliberate and slow. The way Hannibal shifts is unmistakeable, and Will suppresses a groan of his own before sitting up to gently take his hand away.

“Don’t,” he urges, voice barely above a whisper, and it’s not a command or a demand, so much as a genuine request. He settles Hannibal’s hand against the bed and shifts his body to cover his again, the movement of his hips unmistakeable and just the right level of friction to be maddening. Will doesn’t make requests often, he doesn’t forget what his job is or what he is to most of the people who buy him, but he wants both the victory and the pleasure of hearing Hannibal react to him, of getting quiet sounds on top of the way his muscles tremble just enough to be perfect.

Turning his hand at the wrist, Hannibal anchors his fingers into the sheets and holds there instead of muffling his voice against them. He doesn't usually allow this, doesn't usually go so far as to let someone have their leisure when he is so ready and he has already stretched them so far to his will. But William is already giving him what he would ask, at his own pace, and Hannibal knows his patience will be more than rewarded.

“Use me,” he offers in trade, giving Hannibal a smile that speaks volumes of his want for it, of the rarity of both trade and genuine request. Then he kisses the center of his throat and slides down to take him into his mouth again, not lingering to tease this time, sliding him deep and slow until going further would choke him.

It’s the thrill of power, more than anything else, more than Hannibal’s voice when he gets it, more than the swift motion against his skin to hold him still, that has Will dropping a hand between his legs to slowly stroke himself up again, ‘recovering’ as he’d promised to.

Hannibal doesn't arch into it so much as rock upwards, slow, and the sound that escapes him isn't loud but a low, soft 'oh', drawn out on his breath, one hand pulling the sheets and the other settling onto Will's shoulder, to feel the muscles work as he strokes himself, then up along his neck and into his hair, encouraging, but not insisting. He does as suggested, and uses the man - rolling his hips in a shallow motion, persistent but not punishing.

The build is slow, pleasurable. Will has a practiced mouth, and a skilled, hot tongue. Hannibal can feel the light sheen of sweat on the man's skin under the hairline, over his shoulders where he grips and kneads in rhythm with his fingers. It's not very long, not long at all before he's groaning and pushing with a little more urgency - not up but on the man's shoulder where his hand has fallen - a warning maybe, or a request - but not an order.

And Will goes, pulling off slowly, the pressure constant and palpable before he licks a thick slow line from base to tip and sits back to catch his breath. They're both wired, muscles tense in anticipation, trembling on the brief occasions they forget to check the near-involuntary movement. Will knows what he wants, knows he wants to stagger from the room in the morning and have to work hard to walk near-normally through the lobby. He knows how to get it, a myriad of positions that could not only suffice but be perfect for the dynamic they've developed.

But there's something, a hint or a gesture, something Will can't yet name, that suggests he shouldn't assume his want mirrors Hannibal's. Perhaps not directly. Or, perhaps, exactly; as a mirror would. He offers a smile, a fleeting, amused thing, before crawling back over to lay face to face with Hannibal, arms supporting himself but only just far enough to be suspended, not yet touching.

"Who first?" he asks, soft enough to be lost in the way they're both panting for air and control. Who first to lose control? To give it up? Both scenarios send Will's mind into a slow, dizzying tailspin; mental images of Hannibal at the mercy of his instinct and base responses, grasping at the last shreds of his self-control as Will pushes in, takes him… or of Hannibal pliant and boneless, a softer entrance, a far more intimate and breathless and sweaty thing.

Will doubts afterwards either will be conscious enough to notice they're anything but sated and sleepy, a tangle of warm limbs and warmer breath. The thought is oddly appealing and he runs just the tip of his tongue over Hannibal's top lip before slotting their mouths together in a gentle offer of choice. His night, his control.

Hannibal is trying to gather his breath, but he holds it for the kiss - unusual to get so many, but he'll take them, gratefully. Between them, where his hand had slid from William's shoulder when he moved up, Hannibal's thumb pushes into one of the deepening bruises on his hip, and he arches again.

"I think it will have to be you," he pants, when they break for air. He sounds desperately ready, as if his patience has finally run thin and he's ready for some relief. He pushes up, to reverse their positions and push Will onto his back, and then kisses him again, roughly this time - not quite a war of teeth and tongue but finally an insistence, an assertion. "How will I make you remember me, Will?"

Will goes with a grin, air gasping out of him when he falls against the bed, hands threading through Hannibal's hair to keep him where he is, lips parted to fight back, to enjoy it. At the question Will just sighs, neck arching a moment to get a deeper breath before lying still. He can't offer the same reply Hannibal had, marks are bad for business if the men renting Will see he's been used before. It's almost an unspoken rule, a fourth wall of sorts, that men believe they're buying Will exclusively and that he hasn't been and will not be with anyone else.

"I want to limp out of here in the morning." He tells him, "I want it to take effort to walk through the lobby with ease." Will bites his lip and supposes he could leave his card. A card he never leaves on such nights, but a rule he's close to breaking.

Hannibal reaches for the lube, sitting up, working the cap open and the liquid onto his fingers. "On your knees, or on your back? You've driven me desperate," Hannibal admits, as he leans down. "I am so rarely impatient."

Will grins, drawing his knees up and pushing himself up on his elbows, meeting Hannibal half way and simply sharing his space.

"On my knees," he murmurs, knowing this won't be gentle and choosing appropriately. He wants to test and push Hannibal's impatience as he pushed his patience, "How you had me." at the beginning, when this was still a test of waters and character. He presses his cheek gently against Hannibal's before pulling back far enough to turn and rest on all fours.

Hannibal pushes slick fingers against him directly, seeking entrance without any teasing now. "I find worthwhile partners are worth taking it slow, deep - connected," he breaks speaking with a pleased sound when Will opens easily for his fingers, and he pushes two deep, but doesn't tease with them before he removes them to renew the lube on them, and push them in again to be sure the application is liberal enough for what he intends.

"But very worthwhile partners allow for a little rush," he says, and he curls his fingers up hard as he withdraws them, hooking them toward himself as he draws them back, seeking reaction - and then once he has it, they're gone again. He reaches for the condom.

The breach is sudden but not painful. Will has had not only practice, but much worse from others. Too many men for their own good had a rape fantasy Will's had to endure. But this is roughness of a different sort, of impatience and desperation and raw animalistic need. There's little preparation but enough lube to make it easier. It would be a sweet, slow stretch and Will steels himself to keep control, to play out the latter part of his own fantasy.

Then Hannibal curls his fingers up and Will keens, a loud needy sound, and his head drops to hang between his shoulders as he swallows air and tries not to rock back against the feeling. He doesn't have to struggle much, however, before the fingers and the white-out dizzying pleasure is gone and Hannibal sits back. Will licks his lips, swallows and raises his head just enough to be heard.

"You should've asked for more time."

"I asked for enough that it wouldn't seem like an imposition," Hannibal suggests, as he prepares himself. He gets the condom in place and sets the wrapper aside empty, smooths his hand over Will's lower back as a gentle precursor. The other guides himself against Will, pushing - not roughly, but with a steady pressure that doesn't relent. He can feel Will's body stretching slowly but willingly to take him, and thinks of the man's request.

"If I had seemed too greedy or demanding," Hannibal says, still pushing, and settling low over Will's back, to brace his hands on the mattress on either side of him. "You might have turned me down altogether."

It's true. He had asked for enough time as it was that there was the threat that as an unknown, he would have the chance of rejection. Hannibal lifts one hand to Will's hip, and pulls him back hard against him when he's done speaking, most of the way in but it's enough to feel, for certain, and he makes his own pleased sound at the same time Will makes a noise - it's not protest.

"But if you'd like to spend more time," Hannibal suggests, breathless, but lets the thought trail. Unlikely - the man had to keep to his contracts and obligations, and though they were of an extremely private nature and no one else was likely to know of a breach, Will would be aware of it. Hannibal can't leave a deep mark on Will, but instead he opens his mouth at the center of the man's shoulders in the moment of pause, and lets him feel the ghost of his own teeth, and then a warm, wet press of tongue before he sits back and resettles Will's hips just a little, pushes his knees just a little wider apart to deepen the arch in his back.

When he begins to move it isn't slow - it's shallow and quick, and only cautious enough that he's listening to Will, with one hand anchored up on his hip and feeling for any sudden tension and the other finding leverage against the headboard. Certainly he will feel this, but Hannibal is aware of the fine line between pleasurably rough and dangerously so.

Will twists, teeth grit and doing nothing to keep the sounds from escaping him. he doesn’t answer Hannibal’s unspoken request, he doesn’t even think on it. He won’t stay, he never does. It’s against his code of practice for a reason; people get attached, they get involved, and then it’s no longer a job, there are obligations, there are no longer rules and Will refuses to return to his dead-end job when he can just have this.

He doesn’t speak, not anymore, but he is far from silent, and far from still. He arches his back more, down in a smooth curve that Hannibal seems to appreciate running his hand over, before bending it up on an exhale. The pace is unrelenting, and by margins increases in depth, until Will has one hand clinging to the headboard and the other in a hard circle around himself to hold himself back. He’s panting, moans escaping him at a volume that suggest the opposite of his unspoken denial to want to stay.

Perhaps if Hannibal visits London often…

Will tightens his muscles and pushes back, his groan much louder but just as pleased as Hannibal’s shadow that accompanies it.

“What would you give me,” he moans, the words loud enough to hear but not a semblance of steady, “if I stayed?”

Hannibal is lost deep in the sensation of it, feeling Will grip him tightly enough to threaten his control, and he drags in a breath as a hiss when he realizes there were words required of him, and he has to sink deep and hold still for a moment, their hands braced next to each other on the headboard, he notices, as he tries to find breath.

He shouldn't want William to stay, that wasn't the way it worked - and he had chosen to do it this way to keep it simple. The fact remains that he does, that he wants to pull the man against him in the morning and remind him of how sore he is and where, and fuck him slow and aching and delicious while they're half awake, just to hear him whimper pleasurably in the sunlight. It would be kinder to Will than Hannibal, he has time enough to think, and then he closes his teeth on Will's ear to be sure the man is listening.

"Any one thing you asked," he says at last, because Will knows what he wants the most. "To be able to have you again in the morning and be certain you walked out satisfied."

Sideways, perhaps, is what he means. He doesn't leave time enough for an answer before he sits up, moving again, this time in a deliberate drive, with both his hands settled in the arch of Will's lower back and gripping to pull him back against Hannibal's thrusts - and it's not very many before he's losing his rhythm, letting slip his control. Hannibal bites down on his sound and then thinks better of it and leans forward again, to muffle his mouth against Will's shoulder - to let him feel the sounds more than hear them.

Will’s hand slips from the head board and he curls forward, pressing his sounds of pleasure and need into the sheets between his teeth as Hannibal is against his back. It’s a demeaning position, one he rarely takes voluntarily, but Will is far beyond caring that his hips are high in the air, legs spread wide to accommodate, back bent in an arc to press his chest to the mattress. Any one thing, he thinks, parting his lips on another helpless sound.

Hannibal’s breath has gone into a stuttering wreck, and his orgasm seems to overtake him top to bottom, until he's just holding onto William hard, pulling him tight against his own body as he's gone still and rigid, with nothing dividing his focus. It takes long moments for Hannibal to get his mind back together, but when he does he slides a hand around to Will's front at last, to curl it around him and find him hard again, ready.

He couldn't approve more. Hannibal draws back slowly, out carefully, before he's fully soft and there will be too much sting. When he's disposed of the condom in the small bin tucked just under the bed, he settles onto his side and pulls Will against him.

Will sighs out as Hannibal draws away, lets his body almost melt to the bed without the support behind him. He’s aching in the best way, thighs sore from having them spread as they were, cock throbbing with the need to get off. He lets go and stretches against the sheets with a groan, biting his lip and allowing his body to stretch before he feels Hannibal’s arm encircle his stomach and pull him back. He can’t help the laugh that vibrates in his chest at the gesture, and he lets his lip go.

“Any one thing?” he asks at length, splaying his fingers over where Hannibal’s hand rests on his skin. He could ask for so much. Could name a price far too high to meet, to even be worth it, and he’s certain Hannibal will give it to him. it’s the blatant manipulation, that knowledge,

that has gotten Will so far as he is in such a short time. Anyone could spread their legs for money, few could ask as much as Will did for the favor.

He turns in the warm circle of Hannibal's hold and faces the man direct, watches his features relaxed and post coital, pleased in the most obvious and delicious way, and smiles.

With William against him, front to front, Hannibal feels utterly at ease. He can sense an answer to his proposition coming and he finds he'd like an acceptance - but he can't expect one. Will is known for never making exceptions, for wisely keeping things professional. He expects William to ask the moon, simply because it's the easiest way to keep things making sense. Hannibal has never wanted more than what he'd considered his due for a payment, never felt the desire to stretch things further than a single visit to sate himself. So while he waits for an answer and catches his breath, his hands settle against Will's lower back and keep him pressed close, for as long as he has anyway.

"Give me London." Will says finally, tilting his head as Hannibal blinks at him, trying to comprehend, "Give me my city. Any time you're here, any time you even land for a stopover before a longer haul, you will see no one else." He swallows lightly, wondering if his selfishness is too high even for Hannibal. "And I will stay till morning, where you can make sure I limp out satisfied. And every morning till you don't come to London anymore."

Hannibal is clearly surprised by the answer - by receiving a request that isn't astronomical, save by implication that he should continue to please William with gifts when he returns. He considers the proposition, and then William adds onto it, sweetens the deal with the promise that he will always stay. He knows enough of William to know this is without precedent.

"You'll grow tired of me," Hannibal suggests, but he tilts the man's chin up to kiss him and take any insult out of the words. "But I will give you London, until you decide you've had enough of me. I'd be thinking of you anyway, any time I was here."

"Not for a while," Will responds, in a way agreeing and disagreeing. He knows that at some point he will stop caring, stop finding these visits novel and thus pleasurable. But for the moment and however many months they have before that happens, Will is quite happy to keep his word. "You're a vice I can afford to keep."

And his words, too, are soft, truthful but not meant to be insulting. Will will continue to see other clients, he won't drop his lifestyle for one man, he doubts he ever will, but the idea of a constant is pleasing. He offers another gentle brush of lips in reassurance and settles.

Hannibal slides his hands up Will's back, settling them against his shoulders instead, and regarding him with new appreciation. He isn't sure this would work if they knew each other better, if they suddenly learned the way the other worked internally, but when it was reduced to this, as simple as an understanding of what their contact would be, it seemed to work beautifully - they were good compliments.

"That settles our plans for the morning," Hannibal continues mildly, before reaching between them to get hold of Will's cock and stroke it lightly. "This is a little more urgent, I'd say."

Despite the urgency, the way his muscles tighten and his breath escapes him, Will refrains from jerking at the touch, keeping his movement fluid and pleasing as he rolls his hips forward and hums in agreement. And it’s easy to shift himself until he’s straddling Hannibal properly, to reach out and gather the second condom and lube from where they lie, easy to warm the slick substance against his fingers before raising his hips enough to comfortably reach where he needs to to prepare him.

He doesn’t keep eye contact so much as reassure with touch that he’s still there, ‘present’ despite how slow and lazy both their movements have become. He doesn’t ask if Hannibal has done this before, assumes he has with the way he opens up, offers himself as Will had, doesn’t protest the similarly brief but careful preparation. When Will withdraws his fingers he brings them down to stroke himself, finally meeting Hannibal’s eyes again and, with a smile, passes the condom over.

“Perhaps I’ll leave more marks,” he murmurs as he watches Hannibal’s hands work to open the package, pleased with how selfish it sounds, and how possessive. He doubts any man has owned him more than he has owned them, with the amount of power they give him.

Hannibal seems comfortable on his back, and makes no protest at being given the condom, which he opens as deftly as the first, if perhaps in a more leisurely fashion. He lifts one leg at the knee and settles his shoulders up on the pillows at the head of the bed after rolling it onto William's cock and giving it a long, firm-gripped stroke to settle it down to the root.

"There's no one to be jealous," he says, and it's a permission for William to leave him as marked as he'd like - within reason. Hannibal reaches up and draws Will down, curling his hand at the back of Will's neck, then feathering his fingers into Will's hair, shifting his knees wider apart encouragingly. He thinks they're both ready for something slow and lingering, with all their rush out of the way.

As Will eases into him, he exhales, and his eyes lose focus as his attention drifts elsewhere. It isn't that he's never done this before, but it's rare enough that he feels the stretch acutely. It's a challenge of sorts, and Hannibal doesn't back from it, but instead pushes against it, arching up until the angle is what he wants it.

Will's features are made to express bliss and pleasure, and they do so beautifully. Hannibal can see every minute change in what the man's feeling by the way his mouth curves and his lips part and round to admit breath or expel it. He traces a thumb over the man's mouth briefly, when they've settled together completely, and allows himself a long moment of distraction before Will begins to move and his focus disappears.

Will has always enjoyed being worshipped. Expensive gifts aside, he usually offers much more to a client that reveres him than to one that uses him. He’ll be the first to admit he’s conceited, but it doesn’t seem to matter to Hannibal, not right this second when his eyes slide closed and his body slides lower as Will starts a slow pace but goes deep enough to feel. Perhaps even now it’s a manipulation, a gentle lesson for the morning, but Will allows himself to lose the last of his higher brain function to the pressure against him, the heat, the way Hannibal’s hands never stop moving over his skin as he ducks his head and sucks another mark against skin.

He has the decency, at least, to make it in a place no one else will see once Hannibal is clothed.

His movements falter only when it becomes too much to keep the pace so leisurely. It's comfortable and tight and so good, but the urgency overflows the atmosphere and Will finds himself speeding up just enough, just to the point where getting off it just a breath away. And yet throughout he's made every effort to have Hannibal enjoy it, to feel him shift under Will's hands, under his lips, in that trembling, revealing way that suggested the spot Will had found was the right one to keep tormenting.

When he comes, it's quiet. A soft release of breath as his body stills, lips parted and eyes closed until he draws his lip between his teeth and relaxes enough to ease out of Hannibal and rest against him. he lets his hands skim over him, down his sides and up again before retracing the path, lower, curling fingers just behind Hannibal's knees before releasing and moving on. It's a slow, constant movement, one born of the need to release the last bit of energy he has fluttering through his system. Finally, he removes the condom and disposes of it, shifting up enough to kiss Hannibal deep and long, a kiss, Will allows, that is very much enjoyable.

"Wake me up at your leisure," he offers quietly, opening his eyes to give Hannibal a small but genuine smile. He's sated and sore and so tired he can barely keep his eyes open. The man under him looks in about the same state.

Hannibal settles his arms comfortably around Will and eases back, his mind in so quiet and sated a place he's nearly asleep already, but the suggestive tone, the teasing reminder of his promise tugs his mouth into a smile and opens his eyes again ever so slightly.

He brushes his fingers up through Will's hair one last time, and is pleased to think he can wake the man the same way in the morning - or perhaps simply with his mouth. There is an ache in him that echoes deep - it's not quite pain, it's more like the forming bruises. An affection, perhaps. This would be a very rewarding business exchange.

Then he yawns and lets his thoughts drift. "I will," he agrees, quiet but not unheard. "Sleep well, Will." Hannibal will, for certain - for once all the tension and need is driven out of him. Distantly, as he drifts, feeling the rhythm of Will's breath go slow and even against him, he supposes the man must have liked the watch.

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